

What If

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Angst, Drama

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Old Wrinkly, Stoick, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-08-05 09:20:39

Updated: 2013-08-05 09:20:39

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:47:11

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,089

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A mix of the first book's and movie's ending.

What If

When Hiccup woke, he had no idea where he was. For a brief moment he was convinced he was dead, but the dreary walls surrounding him were nowhere near what he imagined Valhalla to look like. He began to think that he had, by some cruel twist of fate, ended up not in Valhalla, but some dark limbo that unfortunately looked precisely like his house. Not exactly the shining paradise that viking warriors were promised awaited them, but then again, he never really was what was considered a 'viking warrior' now was he?

"Son! You're awake!" His father's relieved voice cut through his dazed musings. Hiccup turned his head to the side to see The Mighty Stoick The Vast, looking like he hadn't slept for days, sitting next to his bed. Behind him a low fire burned in the pit heating something in a pot that smelled like it was supposed to be stew. There was no light in the room aside from what came from the fire, and Hiccup assumed it must be night. He looked back at his dad and asked, "What happened? I remember being in the Green Death's throat and then something like big explosion...?"

"Oh Hiccup is was truly a sight to see, your dragon Toothless somehow got the Green Death to sneeze! He managed to stop you from dying in the fall, but you still passed out, from the shock I suppose. It really was an act of the gods that you made it out alive! Then that monster tried to suck you into its maw, but something happened. It seemed to be choking and then right before our eyes it exploded! It was a real stroke of luck, had that thing lived it would have destroyed the whole village."

"Did everyone make it out ok?" Hiccup quickly asked, "No one got hurt in the explosion?"

Stoick suddenly looked very uncomfortable. His eyes shifted away from Hiccup's questioning face and began examining the wall.

"Well, almost everyone made it out ok...in fact there was only one casualty..." Stoick stopped, trying to delay the inevitable.

"Dad...who was it? Gobber? Astrid?" Hiccup's voice grew quiet as he quickly ran through a list of villagers in his head, trying to deduce who it could be. He looked back up to his dad, whom still refused to meet his gaze.

"Dad?!" Hiccup shouted. Stoick couldn't keep it from his son any longer. He reached behind the chair, revealing what was left of Toothless' saddle. Hiccup's eyes grew wide.

"No..." he whispered.

"I'm sorry son, in the explosion one of the monster's talons hit him square in the heart. He tried to hold on but there wasn't much we could do to help. He died just yesterday. We are giving him a proper burial, right now actually. He'll be the first dragon to receive a traditional ceremony, one worthy of the great warrior he was." Stoick shifted to hand his son the saddle remains, but Hiccup was staring at the ground, a cold calculating look on his face. "Dad, what was Toothless' body like, what made you think he was dead?"

"W-what? Well I mean the usual, no pulse, he wasn't breathing, stone cold. He was dead." Hiccup let out an aggravated sigh. "No! When a dragon gets hurt fatally they go into a kind of coma, a healing one! He might not have been dead, just healing himself! We have to stop the ceremony!" Hiccup jumped to his feet and nearly fell, his legs not used to bearing weight after so long out of use. He wobbled for a moment before regaining his balance and running to the door.

"Son wait!" Stoick called but Hiccup was already heading for the docks as fast as his skinny weak legs would take him. The Chief groaned and ran after his son.

Living on a hill has its perks, and Hiccup had a clear view of the funeral at the docks as he ran. There was a boat, decorated lavishly with carvings of dragons and vikings. A great shield with a giant talon lodged in it sat next to the calm still body of Hiccup's only friend. The boat had already been pushed off, and ten archers stood at the ready, waiting for the boat to drift far enough away.

Almost all of the village was there, Gobber, The Elder Gothi and Old Wrinkly stood at the front, surrounded by Astrid and the other teens, all looking solemn(except Snotlout who looked like he was trying very hard not to be sad, creating an expression one might make if they smelled something foul)

Hiccup ran faster, close to the docks. The boat was almost far enough away and the archers lit their arrows then pulled back, ready to fire.

"STOP!" Hiccup shouted as loud as he could, but it was too late, the archers had already loosed their arrows and the boat instantly caught fire. The gathered Vikings turned, shocked to see Hiccup alive, for most had assumed that he would not wake up. Hiccup was met with cries

of confusion and questions of what he was doing as he pushed through the crowd. He ran past Gobber and The Elders fully intending to swim for the funeral boat when Old Wrinkly caught him mid-dive.

"Hiccup what in Thor's name are you doing?!" The old man shouted.

Hiccup struggled against his grandfather's arms, but he was weak still and the old man held him easily "Toothless he can't fly without me! I have to get to him hes going to die if I don't-"

"Hiccup, Toothless is dead." Old Wrinkly said, matter-of-factly. "No! He might not be! Hes in a healing coma, dragons do it to recover from deadly wounds, please we have to save him hes going to die out there, please!" Tears began to run down Hiccup's face as he continued to struggle and plead, when Stoick's out of breath voice rose above the noise.

"The boy is right! Quick, Gobber get some men to together and get that dragon out of there!" Stoick strode forward to his son as Gobber began gathering men, "Its ok son, we'll get him, dont you worry." but Hiccup wasn't listening. His eyes were wide and filled with shock as he gazed out at the flaming boat. An eerie silence fell over the crowd as a sound filled the air, steadily growing louder. Suddenly, Hiccup screamed, adding his voice to the heartbreaking cries of a Night Fury desperately trying to escape its flaming prison.

End
file.